

9/21/67

Dear Miss Brunson,

What an experience! That's the sort of thing I have been expecting to happen to me, not others! You mention nothing but silence from your (excuse the expression) friend.

One thing I'd suggest you seek is evidence that you were not behind the wheel. Where your head hit, if you can still get the busted windshield or whatever you smacked with it, there might be enough blood for typing. It could be worth a try. If you blacked out and were sober (even drunk, that ride should have sobered!), either there was something medical, in which case you need more than a lawyer, or somebody fixed a drink on you.

Hope it turns out less disastrous than you indicate.

The AP address is Rockefeller Center, NYC. There is an AP Building in that nest of them.

Dick is Richard Billings, LIFE, Time-Life Bldg., also Rock, Ctr, NYC.

I've just gotten home from an awful (meaning fruitful) day at the Archives, the first time I've taken to look at things in some time. Finished the rough draft of the fifth book (POST MORTEM). Your letter really shook my wife up. She was ill before she got it, sicker after!

Keep me posted.

Sincerely